

Truth by Piggie50

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Summary:

Steve took a deep breath, “And...I found my True Mate. The doctor confirmed it today.”

Dustin’s eyes widened, “But that’s great! I’m so happy for you!”

Steve winced, “Um, you might want to save that happiness. See, the only Alpha I’ve been in contact with is Billy Hargrove, that night that we fought.”

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I binge watched season 2 in one day...I shame myself.

But...I loved it!! Steve is my new favorite character up there, and I will never stop waxing poetry about my love for him!!

Also, Billy is fine as hell, even if he is a teeny bit psychotic.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy, I felt like doing this one after seeing them on the show, and writing Fracture, and reading Collision Course (read it, it is so good)

Steve Harrington could not believe what he was hearing.

"It seems that you've been in contact with your True Alpha," his doctor said, a kindly Beta with glasses. "This contact initiated a bond--congratulations."

What?! No way! The Alpha that Steve had recently had "contact" with was none other than Billy Hargrove--the one that harassed and beat him up. No. No. No.

"Your heat may activate itself in order to compensate for this sudden...introduction," the doctor continued, "You may find yourself drawn to your Alpha, in fact--"

"He is not my Alpha," Steve growled out.

The doctor blinked, "Well, Mr. Harrington, you may find it...uncomfortable to get through your heat without this Alpha. Some Omegas find it unbearable."

Steve shook his head, "No, I've been through heats before, bad ones, and I've come out of it before. This is no different."

The Beta squirmed, "Well, that may be untrue. Your see, not only will your body call out for you--this Alpha, but the Alpha in question will also be able to smell your heat scent and...be quite in tune with it."

Steve stared at him for a minute. Then...shit. Oh shit. Not good. Actually, it was pretty damn terrible.

After that horrendous news the doctor had released him awkwardly, trying to assure him that everything would be okay, but Steve had

barely listened.

He was doomed to be mates with the man that had cruelly beat him to a pulp, the man that had tried to go after the kids that Steve had taken under his wing. That was not okay.

He stewed in his own depressing thoughts all the way to the Henderson abode, his head swimming in drudgery as he pulled up to the house, the curtain of the living room flicking back as he turned the key, cutting the ignition. He was expected.

Ever since Eleven had closed the gate and all hell had been put to rest Steve had found himself spending more and more time with the kids. He felt a sense of duty to them, not to mention that he genuinely liked all of them. They were fun to be around, and they had a way of making Steve forget his own troubles, at least for a while. In fact, they had even taught him the finer points of Dungeons and Dragons, and had welcomed him into their party--so far Steve was proudly boasting two campaign wins.

Trying to focus on happy thoughts Steve hurried up to the porch steps, the door opening as he came to it. There stood Mrs. Henderson, her cat, Tews, in her arms and a smile on her face.

"Oh, Steve," she cooed to him, her motherly aura comforting in a way that Steve had rarely known, "I'm so glad that you could come today. I'm sorry for the short notice, but I got an invite for a girls night out, and I just had to take it!"

Steve agreed completely. If there was anyone who deserved nice things it was definitely Mrs. Henderson, she was always so kind and optimistic.

Steve smiled at her, "It's no problem, Mrs. H, I'm happy to do it."

The woman beamed at him, setting her cat down as Steve slipped into the house past her, "Thank you again dear," she said as she picked up her purse from the table beside the door, riffling through it to check that she had all of her necessitates. "Now, I made some cookies earlier today, so you're welcome to those. And, I left money for pizza on the kitchen counter. I should be back by nine or so, but, if it gets too late you can go on home if you need to, or just stay here. We're always happy to have you!" With a lipstick check in the hallway mirror she called out into her further recesses of the house, "Dusty, Steve's here! I'm leaving now, so be good!" Without waiting for a reply she hitched her bag onto her shoulder and opened the door, "Have a wonderful night, Steve dear," she told him with a pearly grin, "Make yourself at home now, I'll be back later." With

that, she scurried out the door, leaving Steve to close it behind her. As Steve turned back around Dustin emerged from the other hallway, a small grin on his face, "Hey Steve, ready to party?" Unable to keep himself from smiling back Steve shook his head but went to join the kid in the living room.

The two of them spent the rest of the night eating pizza and junk food, drinking too many sodas, and arguing the points of DnD. It was really quite enjoyable.

Dustin told him all about AV club, and how the rest of the kids were planning to go to Mike's house this weekend for another campaign.

"Do you want to come too, we can go after the Illithid." Dustin cast a hopeful look his way, but something held Steve back.

"I don't know," he said, leaning back against the sofa and reaching down to pet Tews, who had meandered up to join in the fun, "I kind of got some weird news today."

Dustin immediately looked concerned, "What kind of news? You're not dying are you?!"

Steve laughed at his melodramatic spirit, "No, no, nothing like that. But...well, you know I'm an Omega, right?"

Dustin nodded, turning his body more towards the older boy so that he was more in tune with the conversation, "Yeah, but I don't care about that sort of thing, even if some people do. I mean, Will's an Omega, and he's still one of my best friend's."

Steve jerked his head in a nod, "Right, well, sometimes...see, there's this thing called True Mates, and sometimes two mates find each other. Usually through some type of physical contact."

Dustin narrowed his eyes, "Yes..."

Steve took a deep breath, "And...I found my True Mate. The doctor confirmed it today."

Dustin's eyes widened, "But that's great! I'm so happy for you!"

Steve winced, "Um, you might want to save that happiness. See, the only Alpha I've been in contact with is Billy Hargrove, that night that we fought."

Dustin went still. It was completely silent between them for several moments, then, "But...how can that be?"

Steve sighed and leaned his head back to rest on the sofa cushions, "True Mates depend on a lot of things. Physical compatibility, personalities, genetics, and more. Somehow, we match up."

Dustin stood up suddenly, "No, you're nothing like him! He hurt you,

what if he does it again and again when you're mated?"

Steve was touched by the boy's worry, "I'm not going to tell him," he assured the young man, "There is no way that I'm going to mate with someone who uses abuse and manipulation like that all the time. I'll find some way out of it."

Dustin folded himself back to the floor, closer to Steve, "But, what if he finds out on his own? He could use it against you."

Steve tried to smile reassuringly. He didn't think that he succeeded. "I'll be one step ahead of him at all times," he said, "Trust me."

After Mrs. Henderson came back home Steve left. He didn't really want to go back to his own house where it was dark and lonely, he wanted noise, he liked hearing Dustin or the other kids making so much racket, and hearing their parents fuss and yell. Home was too quiet, and even when his parents were home there was always a stifling tension that flooded every sense.

But, home was home, and Steve tried to tell himself that he didn't mind it too much as he went inside, flicking on lights and turning on the television just so there would be something other than pressuring silence all the time.

Soon though he retired to his room, keeping a lamp on so that the monsters and nightmares wouldn't come too near.

He couldn't stop thinking about what his doctor said, even as he laid there for hours, his hands running through his hair over and over again. He didn't want to attract Billy to him. He didn't want someone like that in his life. Steve had had enough negativity so far, especially when he was his old self. He had changed. He wanted to keep that change.

With these thoughts Steve allowed himself to drift off, and before he knew it he was asleep.

When morning came Steve knew that something was wrong. He felt overly tired, hot, and everything cramped. It only took a moment to realize what this was. Heat.

It seemed that his doctor had been right, his body was betraying him and going into override to bring his True Mate to him, to force him to complete the bond that had started.

No, Steve would not allow this. He would not do something that he did not want to do.

As calmly as he could Steve went downstairs, drank two glasses of

water, and then made the necessary calls to the school to tell them that he was having that special time of the year, and then to his doctor to ask them for a note for school.

After that was done Steve called Nancy and told her not to worry that he wasn't in school today, that he was taking some personal time off, and not to come around for a while. She understood, and told him to call her if he needed anything at all.

Then, Steve called Mrs. Henderson to tell her that he would be unavailable to pick up Dustin for the next few days, or to babysit. She seemed concerned, but also understood.

With that taken care of Steve drank another glass of water, forced himself to eat some toast, and then went upstairs for a long cold shower.

This heat was by far the worst that Steve had ever gone through, and he was only in day one of it. He found himself rubbing up against his bed and against fabrics, spreading his scent throughout the house unnecessarily, as though he was marking his territory, or trying to lure an Alpha near to satisfy him.

Once he forced himself to stop doing that Steve heard strange noises and wondered about them for a long time before he realized that they were coming from him. Loud mewls and yowls, like a cat in heat, attempting to coax a mate near. No. That had to end too.

Before long Steve locked himself in his bedroom, his sweat soaking the sheets, his eyes glazed and pupils dilated, his body entirely unsatisfied.

All of this exhausted him, and before long Steve was asleep, his body trying to conserve energy for the next seduction attempt, and before the true heat fully began.

2. Chapter 2

It was the obnoxious and incessant ringing of the doorbell that roused Steve from his slumber. Grumbling to himself and not thinking clearly he stumbled downstairs and went to answer the door. Maybe whoever it was would provide some kind of distraction from his predicament. How wrong he was.

On the other side of the door was none other than Billy Hargrove, his shirt hanging open obscenely, showing off his chest as he leaned against the door jamb, blocking the way. His blue eyes were bright and sharply focused, and his nostrils flared as he took in Steve.

“Well, well, so it is true,” Billy drawled as he ran his eyes down Steve’s body, “King Steve is exactly as I thought he would be. I almost didn’t believe the little princess when she told that weird guy why you were out, but it seems she was right. And I just had to see for myself.”

Steve clenched his jaw and scowled, his hand tightening on the doorknob, “I don’t know what you want, but leave me alone. Now.”

Billy tsked him, “Temper, temper. We can’t have that now, can we? In fact, I think I ought to do something about it.” Before Steve could react Billy all but leapt forward, pushing his way inside the house, his body slamming against Steve’s while his hands went to tangle in the Omega’s hair, and to grip his waist, holding him tightly.

Billy’s eyes were like ice as he dove forward, crashing his lips against the other boy’s, taking and biting, spit flowing between them, their tongues tangling as Billy forced his way into Steve’s mouth. After a few harsh moments of this he pulled back a bit, licking his lips, a smirk coming onto his face, completely belying the interest that his eyes clearly showed. “Did you think that you could hide it from me,” he asked, grip tightening, “Did you think I didn’t feel the spark between us when we touched?”

Steve panted, brows scrunching together in his confusion and haze.

Billy went on, obviously not interested in Steve answering, “I know you Steve fucking Harrington. And now, we’re going to know each other a little more intimately.”

With that he swooped down and scooped Steve up into his arms, unconcerned that Steve was the slightest bit taller than he was, or with how he struggled in the other’s arms.

“I’m going to fuck you pretty boy,” Billy told him, breath hot as it

wafted across Steve's face, "And you're going to let me."

He kicked a foot back, the door slamming closed behind them as Billy started to make his way up the stairs, all while Steve knew that what he said was true.

When they made it to Steve's room Billy tossed him roughly onto the bed, eyes dark and heavy as he watched the Omega scoot to the top of the bed, Billy's face showing no expression as he started to tug off his clothing.

"I don't want this," Steve said, not as strongly as he would have liked, but at least the words came out, "I don't want us."

Billy frowned at him, anger written in every tense line of his body before he kicked his pants off, moving onto the bed, "I don't really care what you want," he said harshly, crawling up on his hands and knees, closer and closer to Steve, "This is going to happen, it was always meant to. And nothing you say or do can stop that."

Steve inhaled sharply at his words, but he didn't have a chance to do anything more before Billy pounced, pushing him down onto the mattress, his hands roaming over Steve's bared skin, his nose tucking into the line of the other's neck, taking in his scent.

"You smell so good, even out of heat," Billy growled out, hands settling on Steve's hips and positioning him, "Can't wait to smell you whenever I want."

With that he slunk down a bit, pressing stinging kisses across the Omega's collarbone and breast, licking over raised nipples, and biting against toned biceps as one hand lifted Steve's thigh, settling it on Billy's hip. "This is mine," Billy snarled before he grabbed his own cock and brought the head of it to Steve's sopping hole.

Steve only had a moment to mourn his loss of this virginity before Billy moved forward, his cock pushing past the resistance of too tight muscles, and going in deep, making Steve moan out in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

He had never felt like this before, and he had no idea how to feel as Billy growled shakily against his shoulder, pressing flush against every secret part of him as he thrust deeper, hardly even noticing how tense Steve was.

When Billy's cock brushed something electric inside of him Steve felt himself go intensely stiff before he went limp, some ancient part of him crying out to let go of control, to let this man take what he wanted.

Billy seemed to notice this new placid nature, and he looked up, hair plastered to his forehead, sweat beading along his upper lip, his eyes too dark and frightening.

"Feel good, huh little king," he purred, teeth showing in a feral grin as he pressed his hips closer to Steve's buttocks, "Not too much I hope." He didn't really sound like he cared either way.

Steve pressed his lips tightly together and turned his face away, unable to look into those eyes any longer. At this motion however Billy growled, one hand releasing his hip to come up and grab Steve's jaw, yanking his head back so that he was forced to stare at the Alpha.

"I like my partners active," Billy snarled at him, "I like participation." He pressed his thumb against Steve's lips, parting them, the tip of his finger going inside, pressing against soft flesh and hard teeth. "Better not hold out on me Stevie boy."

Steve gave a small growl at the nickname and bit down on the finger in his mouth, which only succeeded in making Billy laugh. "There's that fire," the Alpha grinned.

Then, he began to move faster, cock harder than ever and going deeper than before. Steve felt himself being jostled and bruised from the inside out. He felt like he was out of his body. And he had never felt more alive. He hated it.

Billy grunted as his skin twisted with each thrust, grip tighter than ever, his white teeth biting into his own bottom lip, blood welling up from the sharpness, leaking down and landing on Steve's chest.

He knew it was coming quickly now, the endless rise and fall that was inevitable. He didn't realize how much he would crave it, how much he would need it.

But as Billy forced himself as deeply as he could go, he reached down and gripped Steve's cock, fingers rubbing too roughly and sloppily to feel good, but Steve still came when the Alpha's knot began to swell, locking them together.

There was no bite, nothing to tie them together as full mates. But the bond between them felt stronger, all while Steve only felt weaker.

By the time they had reached their third coupling it was the next morning and Billy had moved them outside to the pool. He wanted the world to see their union, and for others to know that this Omega

was taken.

With their legs dangling in the water Billy took Steve, his hot cock moving in and out of the Omega's hole with sloppy motions that made squelching sounds on every thrust. It was mortifying.

"No one else can have you," Billy panted into his ear, hot breath spilling across his shoulders and neck, making Steve tingle and shiver with hypersensitivity. "They could smell you from miles away and come to take you, but they wouldn't get past me. I wouldn't dare let them. You're mine." Billy completed his monologue with a harsh bite across the back of Steve's neck, inches away from his scent gland--inches away from becoming a mating bond.

He believed that the Alpha would fight for him if another did come along, though, of course, it would be for his body, not for any type of admiration or respect or endearment. No, Steve had reconciled with himself that this relationship was nothing more than physical, and he had decided that once this heat was over he would not let himself have Billy Hargrove again.

Billy did not seem to have such thoughts for himself.

"Can't wait to see you spread out in my car," he murmured more to himself than to Steve as his thrusts became shocking and faster, "Can't wait to have your scent in the leather, and to smell it every time I get in and lean back." That should not have been that hot.

Steve grunted as Billy gave an extra hard jolt into him before the Alpha paused, clearly waiting for something. Steve had no idea what. "What?" he asked, annoyed and wanting more all at once. He gave his hips a little rock backward, but Billy grabbed onto them, no doubt leaving bruises.

"Don't you have anything to say," Billy questioned, his voice dark.

Steve groaned and pressed his face down into his arms which were crossed in front of him, "About what?"

Billy gave a small huffing growl, "About my proposal. Don't you want to keep doing this after your heat?"

Steve had to choke back his laughter, "What? No! Why would you think that?"

Billy was frowning, he could feel it. But, the Alpha rolled his hips forward sinuously, knocking the breath out of Steve, "Oh? Don't you want to have this later, pretty boy? Have this any time you want? We could do so many things together." He pressed his lips tenderly to the back of Steve's neck, kissing his gently, as a lover might. "Don't you want to have my knot any time you'd like?"

That jolted Steve back to the present. He couldn't be fooled. This was an Alpha that took what he wanted when he wanted, and gave nothing back. Steve didn't want that. He couldn't want that.

"No," he nearly whimpered.

Billy paused again, his muscles tense, and this time Steve could tell that it was in anger. Suddenly, Steve found himself being turned over, Billy's cock still buried deep inside of him, the twist of flesh against flesh a tugging sensation, but that was quickly filtered away at the sight of the Alpha's clenched jaw.

Billy's blue eyes were ablaze, and for a moment Steve feared physical retribution. He was right in a way when Billy leaned down so that their chests touched, his arms going down to hook under Steve's knees and yank them up, exposing more of the Omega to the other's eyes as he yelped.

"So, I'm not good enough for the rest of the time, huh?" Billy said as he started to crash his hips forward, going so deep so quickly that his heavy balls slapped against Steve's ass with every motion. "Not enough for pretty boy Steve, the King of Hawkins. Well, I guess I'll just have to have you when I can."

With that he started to truly move, his motions intense and just shy of too rough, moving in a desperate chance to catch every bit of Steve that he could.

"Ah," Steve gasped as he felt Billy's knot begin to tug at his rim, "Wait, too soon." He had taken the knot not even two hours ago and he was sore--not that that had stopped his heat from demanding subduing.

"Too bad, huh baby," Billy flashed gleaming canines before he leaned down further, Steve's toes curling against his shoulders, the Alpha's hands tightening on his skin, surely leaving imprints, before the knot suddenly flared.

Steve cried out, his hole trembling under the pressure and fighting to reacquaint itself with its savior.

Billy panted against him, hips moving in little involuntary circles as his knot was milked, the sensation no doubt heavenly after waiting for so long.

"It's just you and me, Omega," Billy said after a few moments, his dazzling eyes coming up to look into Steve's dark ones. Somehow, that was far more daunting than anything else that Steve had ever faced.

Notes for the Chapter:

I actually wrote the poolside sex scene before I even started the first chapter.

But, I hope you enjoyed this smutty chapter--so much smut. There might not be as much in the other chapters, at least, not as much as this one had.

This chapter was just pure sex. Yikes.

3. Chapter 3

After the poolside bedding Billy had carried Steve inside, taking him upstairs and placing him on the bed while he went to go get something to drink for himself.

Steve could tell that Billy was reaching his boiling point, but he could not bring himself to care. For the moment the heat was sated, the embers dying down so drastically that Steve felt exhausted, like it was the end of the high of an adrenaline rush.

Sighing to himself, Steve pushed himself to go to the bathroom and to start the shower. He really wanted a bath, but the appeal of going to bed sooner was far better, so a quick shower would be better.

As the warm water washed over it Steve felt like this was as close to heaven as he would ever get. The water helped to get rid of the sweat and cum that stuck to his skin, the dried spots of his own release that stained his belly and thatch of pubic hair coming off with only minimal scrubbing. And even while Steve could feel the Alpha's cum dripping out of him he could pretend that it was water and it didn't hurt so badly.

He was just reaching out for the soap when the curtain was drawn back, startling Steve. Billy stepped in behind him, crowding the Omega closer to the showerhead.

"Didn't think I wouldn't join in, did you?" The other boy asked with a grin.

Steve frowned and turned back to the shower, plucking up his soap and starting to rub it across himself, "No comment."

Billy laughed, the sound echoing off of the walls before he moved in closer, his nose running along Steve's shoulder, "My scent is already disappearing."

Steve ignored the remark, stretching his arms out instead to spread soap across them, massaging tender muscles as he went. Perhaps it was a mistake to ignore Billy, for a moment later Steve felt a pressure at his hole, making him jump and twist around to glare.

"No," he said firmly, "I'm too sore for that." He really was. He had never before felt this kind of pain, and his hole had been used too many times to accommodate another round.

Billy showed his sharp grin, "I was just using my fingers. You want to be clean down there, don't you?" Steve eyed him suspiciously but turned around, tipping his head underneath the spray. He was so

engulfed in the water that he almost didn't hear Billy say, "Besides, you coming again won't hurt anything, will it?"

Steve opened his mouth to reply but gasped instead when Billy pressed two fingers into his loose hole, the muscles there trying to tense up, but were too sore to do much other than twitch feebly.

"I know you need it," Billy murmured as he pressed himself against Steve's back, his hard cock poking against Steve's lower back. Billy didn't try to do anything with it though, he focused instead on gently thrusting his fingers in and out of Steve's hole, rubbing against his inner walls and making old slick and cum roll out of him.

"You've been so good through your heat," Billy crooned, resting his chin on Steve's shoulder, his lips pressing against the Omega's ear, "You deserve something nice." Obviously, something "nice" included Billy's free hand coming around and caressing along Steve's stomach, his fingers trailing down, the touch light and teasing, barely touching even.

"You could have this all of the time," Billy said, "If you wanted." He let his thumb graze the tip of Steve's cock, the appendage giving a hearty twitch as it came to join the party.

Yet Steve was actually listening to Billy's words. The man was playing the coaxing Alpha now, trying to coerce an Omega to stay with him so that they could bond and mate. It was an old trick, used for centuries by Alphas near and far, a way to secure an Omega and not lose it to another Alpha.

But, Omegas had not been easily seduced by such maneuvers, they had learned early on to be wary of such Alphas. It was probably how True Mates came to be.

However, this went to show that even True Alphas could be dicks. And Steve was not buying into it so easily.

Sighing he leaned his head back against Billy's shoulder, moving his head so that he was facing the Alpha, their breath mixing as Steve groaned aloud, Billy's tongue flickering out to lick his lips as he listened to the noise.

"Do you really think I could have this," Steve questioned, lashes clumping together as water droplets clung to them, "Any time I wanted?"

Billy shuddered against him, his fingers pressing deeper and fighting to find his prostate, "Yes," he breathed back, face coming nearer, obviously hoping for a kiss. His cock was settled against Steve's hip now, hot and heavy and waiting for attention.

Steve moved closer too, his lips only a few centimeters away, his hand reaching down to grab Billy's wrist, "Well I don't," he whispered, watching Billy blink rapidly in confusion as Steve pulled away, tugging Billy's hand back, his fingers slipping out of his hole. "You trying to win me over won't be that easy," Steve said as he shoved the shower curtain back and grabbed a towel from the back of the toilet, "Especially when I don't want it." With that he wrapped the towel around his waist and left the room, completely missing the way that Billy grinned. It was the kind of look that predators have when they find prey that they are willing to chase for as long as it takes.

Steve was curled up in bed before Billy even came back the shower. The Omega was obviously exhausted, and he had neglected to even comb his hair.

"You are a hard one to crack," Billy said to him as he came to sit on the bed beside Steve. "Normally I would have an Omega all over me by now, refusing to let me go."

Steve frowned, but kept his eyes closed, "Oh? Seduce a lot of Omegas, have you?"

Billy smirked down at him, "A fair few. But none who've lasted as long as you. And certainly none that I like more than you, Stevie baby."

Steve couldn't keep his annoyed groan to himself, "Please, just leave me alone already. You got what you came here for, now you can go. My heat has nearly run its course, and once that's over with we can get back to our old ways."

Billy leaned over him, his hand running down Steve's naked side, "And if I don't want that? Maybe I like being with my True Mate. It's very empowering, I think I finally understand why everyone goes on and on about it."

Steve opened his eyes at that and turned his head to look over his shoulder at the other boy, "What? No, no way. We hate each other. You beat the hell out of me when I was trying to protect those kids. Also, you've made it your mission to make my life a living hell for no reason."

Billy pressed a hand to Steve's hair, "Just tugging your pigtails, King Steve."

Steve snorted and turned away again, snuggling deeper into his pillow guardedly, "This would never work out."

Billy leaned onto him further, his weight an almost suffocating factor, "It might. I certainly enjoyed myself these last few days. And I know that you have."

Steve didn't answer. He could feel the last dregs of his heat fading away, the curls of lust twisting back into sensibility. And even with all of that he still felt a deep set attraction to the Alpha, one that could only be described as instinctually.

He didn't know what to do with such feelings, and he really did not want to have to deal with it. Ever. Yet...True Mates. There was such a thing for a reason. Even if it was partly bullshit.

Billy would never change, but then again, he didn't feel the need to. Not like Steve had.

"We'll see how good you are at Dungeons and Dragons," Steve said, closing his eyes and enjoying the warmth that came from the body behind him.

"What the fuck is that?" Came the answer.

Notes for the Chapter:

I guess for now I am done with this story, even though it didn't turn out like I thought it was (always a problem with my stuff)

Anyway, for the time being this is it. Sorry if you hated it. But, if you didn't, please leave a kudos or a review, I love hearing from you guys!